

Summertime in the big city had always been hot, but this year it seemed to be unbearable. The air was lifeless and the smells of the city were multiplying until it began to remind Yolanda of one big dirty clothes hamper.

Yolanda lived on the twelfth floor of a forty-story high-rise apartment building, on the east side of the city near the river. The apartment was too small for the five people in her family and much too hot. Ma opened the windows in hopes of catching a breeze. Yolanda and her sister Jackie offered to run to the store anytime Ma needed something just so they could stand in a place that had air conditioning. Yolanda was thirteen years old; too old to play on the kiddie playground and too young to get a summer job. She spent most of the time sitting on the front steps of the apartment building watching the traffic go by. She and her friends sometimes played hopscotch.

One morning as Yolanda was watching TV she saw a commercial that gave her an idea. It was a lemonade commercial. It advertised that lemonade was cool and refreshing, just the drink to quench a summer thirst.

Yolanda ran down to the corner store to buy some lemonade supplies. She bought a package of paper cups for two dollars and two pounds of lemons for 60 cents a pound. She also got a small bag of sugar in case the lemons were too sour. She wanted to make the best lemonade ever sold on East Street.

Yolanda made two gallons of lemonade, added two teaspoons of sugar for taste, gathered the cups and ice, and went downstairs to set up her lemonade stand. She set it up in front of the building and sold four

glasses in fifteen minutes. She charged 10 cents per cup so she had only made 40 cents.

Then Yolanda's friend Clare came by and offered to make signs advertising Yolanda's business. Clare took the signs and placed them near the street. Around 5 o'clock a big traffic jam had stopped traffic on East Street. Drivers were hot and angry, and Clare carried cups of lemonade to them to calm them down. Some were so grateful that they tossed dollars out of their windows.

By the end of the day, the two young businesswomen had made \$30. Yolanda split the profits with Clare, and they agreed to open the stand at ten o'clock the next morning.

"I'll bet we can make \$50 tomorrow if we have another traffic jam!" called Yolanda to Clare with a smile.

Summertime in the big city had always been hot, but this year it	13
seemed to be unbearable. The air was lifeless and the smells of the city	27
were multiplying until it began to remind Yolanda of one big dirty	39
clothes hamper.	41
Yolanda lived on the twelfth floor of a forty-story high-rise	53
apartment building, on the east side of the city near the river. The	66
apartment was too small for the five people in her family and much too	80
hot. Ma opened the windows in hopes of catching a breeze. Yolanda	92
and her sister Jackie offered to run to the store anytime Ma needed	105
something just so they could stand in a place that had air conditioning.	118
Yolanda was thirteen years old; too old to play on the kiddie	130
playground and too young to get a summer job. She spent most of the	144
time sitting on the front steps of the apartment building watching the	156
traffic go by. She and her friends sometimes played hopscotch.	166
One morning as Yolanda was watching TV she saw a	176
commercial that gave her an idea. It was a lemonade commercial. It	188
advertised that lemonade was cool and refreshing, just the drink to	199
quench a summer thirst.	203
Yolanda ran down to the corner store to buy some lemonade	214
supplies. She bought a package of paper cups for two dollars and two	227
pounds of lemons for 60 cents a pound. She also got a small bag of	241
sugar in case the lemons were too sour. She wanted to make the best	255
lemonade ever sold on East Street.	261
Yolanda made two gallons of lemonade, added two teaspoons of	271
sugar for taste, gathered the cups and ice, and went downstairs to set up	285
her lemonade stand. She set it up in front of the building and sold four	300

glasses in fifteen minutes. She charged 10 cents per cup so she had	312
only made 40 cents.	315
Then Yolanda's friend Clare came by and offered to make signs	326
advertising Yolanda's business. Clare took the signs and placed them	336
near the street. Around 5 o'clock a big traffic jam had stopped traffic	348
on East Street. Drivers were hot and angry, and Clare carried cups of	361
lemonade to them to calm them down. Some were so grateful that they	374
tossed dollars out of their windows.	380
By the end of the day, the two young businesswomen had made	392
\$30. Yolanda split the profits with Clare, and they agreed to open the	404
stand at ten o'clock the next morning.	411
"I'll bet we can make \$50 tomorrow if we have another traffic	422
jam!" called Yolanda to Clare with a smile.	430